

tication are employed, but his being unable afterwards to adapt these organs to pronounce any other language correctly. Methinks I hear my reader exclaim pshaw! what has a journey up the Ottawa to do with the difficulty or ease with which a German can speak any language? Stop my learned reader, remember what I promised at the outset. I professed myself an Itinerant, I told you I had been born with the requisite qualifications and propensities to form one.—I also gave you to understand in pretty plain terms that my course was not to be bounded by the common occurrences to which other tourists confine their journals and narratives. I claim the right I then bespoke, and maintain that by the privilege I then sought my narrations are not to be cramped nor my descriptions confined to any one class, order, genus or species of things. Rest assured that I shall “omit nought of what befell”—and must be indulged in my erratic aberrations when I choose to deviate from the usual course.—Even the great Luminary who first calculated the orbit of a comet and predicted its return (which by the bye if I recollect was within 99 years of the time at which some comet or other did appear) would be defeated in his prognostics were he to attempt to predicate my journey or confine my subject to any known course.

I sat myself down on the step of a ladder, which leaned against the front of the house to enjoy the luxuriant prospect, and indulge in the tranquilizing mood it suggested. The house, as the reader may have already suspected, pointed to the inland, and had its back to the river; a position which I perceive is preferred by these old German farmers in Canada, but for what reason I could never discover. I remember once speaking to an intelligent friend on this subject—he was equally at a loss to account for this hydrophobian propensity in the Germans—unless, (he remarked,) “it was to preserve as far as possible a distinction between them and their old neighbours, the Dutch, who resemble the ducks and other webfooted animals in their predilection for water.” Though this opinion was delivered in a tone approximating to the ridiculous, yet the fact of the existance of these very opposite predilections, cannot be denied and must be owing to some cause not yet discovered. The attachment of a Dutchman for water is so great that if he can find a pool, marsh or quagmire on his farm, he is sure to place his house fronting it or perhaps in the very midst of it.*

* In corroboration of the above national peculiarity, the following anecdote has been related on good authority. At the time some of the military settlements were forming in this country; frequent applications were made to the Quarter Master General for lands. Many lots after being granted, were rejected by those to whom they had been given; on finding they were swampy, and of course both difficult to clear of timber, and unfit for cultivation but at a heavy expence, even after being cleared. One in particular had been declared a complete swamp, and avoided by all who were looking out for lands. One day a Dutchman accompanied by his family applied to the proper officer, wishing to be located to a lot of land, without at first specifying any particular spot—and on the officer enquiring where he wished to get his lands, he replied that “he wants to be located in the vaterish” which was no sooner said than done—and this applicant was accordingly located upon the very lot which had been rejected as a swamp by all who had before examined it; and where he now resides much pleased in the selection.—*Edit.*